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Roxbury, August 25, 1878.

Dear Mrs. Child:

For the last six weeks I have been absent from home, spending nearly all that time at Tarrytown, N. Y., with my beloved daughter Fanny and her family. On returning, I find a number of letters waiting to be answered; among them yours of the 14th instant.

Before I left, I meant to have sent you my grateful acknowledgments for a copy of your admirable little work, "Aspirations of the World," which, on a critical examination, I truly found to be "A Chain of Opals"; and I feel greatly mortified that, in taking my summer recreation, I have unwittingly allowed so much time to elapse without telling you how highly I prize it for its garnered testimonies from the wise and good of all ages and climes,

in regard to truth, rectitude, purity, the natural law of justice, human brotherhood, the inward light, true worship, immortality, spiritual aspirations, the conception and adoration of a Supreme Being, the fraternity of religions by whatever name designated — &c., &c. Not the least valuable portion of it is your very lucid and well-reasoned Introduction, wherein you evince a spirit lifted far above all sectarian narrowness, strictly impartial toward all forms of religious thought and expression, world-embracing in its sympathy and catholicity, most reverent in its manifestation and purpose, and fully cognizant of what constitutes a true life here, and a fitting preparation for the life to come; irrespective of the thousand conflicting theological speculations and assumptions, and the many variant creeds, of the past and the present.

Your work strikingly confirms the truth of your closing declaration: — "Religion is a universal instinct of the human

soul; and the amount of it will never be diminished in the world. Its forms will change, but its essence never." Most felicitous is the illustration you make use of when you say, "Milan cathedral, lifting its thousand snow-white images of saints into the clear blue of heaven, is typical of that Eclectic Church of the Future which shall gather forms of holy aspirations from all ages and nations, and set them on high in their immortal beauty, with the broad sunlight of heaven to glorify them all."

I do not know what notices of your work may have appeared in the newspapers or literary magazines since its publication; but if what I have written of it shall be deemed of any value by your publishers, I shall feel gratified to have it quoted, in whole or in part, by them, among other recommendations.

Nor do I know how many copies of it have been sold. I only know that it is particularly worthy of a wide circulation,

and
that it may be profitably read in every family to the uplifting of the soul and the guidance of daily life.

Let me congratulate you that, though now closely approaching the octogenarian period, your health continues so good, and your mental faculties are so unimpaired. Under similar conditions I hope you will be able to celebrate your hundredth birthday. But, whether detained here or translated, you will not fail to do what in you lies to lift up the fallen, reclaim the wandering, and augment the sum of human happiness; for this is the spirit that has ever animated you, and over it death shall have no power.

My dear Frank and Miss Otis heartily reciprocate your kind remembrances of them.

Accept my benediction.

Ever your admiring friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.